The Parish of St. Peter (Upper Gullies)

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"You are Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church." Matthew 16-18

Hymns July 18, 2021–2:30 PM

Amazing Grace

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Amazing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares I have already come; 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee! E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me, still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee; nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down, darkness be over me, my rest a stone; yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to thee; nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear, steps unto heaven; all that thou sendest me, in mercy given; angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to thee; nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise, out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee; nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky, sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly, still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee; nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!



How Great Thou Art

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O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder Consider all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee: How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee: How great thou art! How great thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees, When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur, And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee...

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing, Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in, That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, He bled and died to take away my sin:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee...

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration, And there proclaim, My God, how great thou art!

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee...



Let Saints on Earth in Concert Sing

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Let saints on earth in concert sing With those whose work is done; For all the servants of our king In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we live in him, One Church, above, beneath; Though now divided by the stream,j The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God, To his command we bow; Part of his host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

But all unite in Christ their head, And love to sing his praise: Lord of the living and the dead, Direct our earthly ways.

So we shall join our friends above Who have obtained the prize; And on the eagle's wings of love to joys celestial rise.

